

H Y M N S

FOR

Christian Worship,

Partly COMPOSED,

AND

Partly collected from Various Authors,

By ROBERT SEAGRAVE. *H*

The SECOND EDITION; with Additions.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Rev. v. 12.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XLII.

H. Y. M. S.

FOR
CHRISTIAN WORK

THE
AND
THE
THE



THE
THE
THE



PREFACE.



I is highly reasonable that the singing of Psalms and Hymns should be a Part of Christian Worship, since it makes the whole of that, which the Worshippers above are continually engag'd in. Exercises of this sort, properly conversant on the Subject of Free-Grace, are the most acceptable religious Service Believers can possibly offer.

In the Place where I am ministerially concern'd, and some others, Hymns of the kind here publish'd, have been attended with singular Usefulness. Flatness and Deadness of Spirit are in a great measure remov'd, and, I trust, the Spirit of true Devotion is breathing amongst us.

Touching any Objection on the part of what are commonly call'd the Psalms of David, I would observe, that the Gospel, unless interpreted arbitrarily, no where directs specially or particularly the Use of them, much less the Use of them, and none other. In my Opinion every religious Assembly, with Reverence and Sobriety, may lawfully use even their own Compositions, provided they speak a Language altogether agreeable to Scripture, and such as arises from true Christian Experience. This I conceive a Part of Christian Liberty, as much as to pray or preach in our own Words.

In this Publication the Author has endeavoured to avoid not only Corruptness of Doctrine, but likewise such Strokes, as might gender to Bondage of Mind; being of Opinion, that no unbelieving Worship is properly Christian Worship, and that no Assembly worships aright, except in a Frame of Liberty and Joy.

The Reader may please to understand, that such of the Hymns in this Book, which are contained from Page the 1st to Page the 47th are Compositions of the Publisher. Those which are continu'd from Page the 47th to the End, are extract'd, with some Alterations, from various Authors. The Doxologies which conclude the whole, may be sung, Regard being had to the Measure of the Hymns, at the Close of any Exercise, as Time or Discretion may direct.

That the Holy Spirit, promised not to one but to every Generation, may appear in this Age with all-renewing Influence, reviving his Work, and breathing afresh upon the Face of his Churches, is the great and continual Prayer of

An unworthy Servant of God,

July 15th,
1742,

R. SEAGRAVE.

The reader may wish to understand that
each of the Hymns in this Book, which are
contained in Pages 10 to 100, are the
property of the Publisher. That
whenever anyone takes Page 100, the right to the
Book is transferred, with some alterations,
from the one holder to the other. The Book is not
considered as a whole, but as many separate parts,
each having its separate right of property in the whole
of any one part, as shown in the following way.

When the right is transferred, it is not
the property of the whole, but may remain in the
right of all concerned. If the right is
transferred, and the right is not the right
of the Church, it is the right and control
of the Church.

The Church is the property of the Church.
The Church is the property of the Church.
The Church is the property of the Church.
The Church is the property of the Church.

H Y M N S

FO R

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

H Y M N I.

Invocation.

I.

DESCEND, great Comforter, descend
With Quick'ning from above ;
Wake in our Hearts the sleeping Seeds
Of Faith, and Zeal, and Love.

II.

Art thou not promis'd to thy Saints ?
We mourn our Hearts so cold ;
Do Thou with kindly Warmth revive,
And thy own Work uphold.

III.

Without Thee all our Toil is vain,
In vain our Songs we raise ;
'Till with thy Coals our Lips are touch'd,
We utter heartless Praise.

B

IV. Blow

(2)

IV.

Blow on thy Garden of Perfume,
So shall the Spices rise ;
Give Thou, and so shalt thou receive
The Fruit of thy Supplies.

V.

Do not the Golden Tubes adorn
Thy Candlestick below ?
O ! let our Channels feel thy Pow'r,
And bid Devotion flow.

VI.

We wait to feel thy holy Fire,
Descend with Gifts divine ;
Pour through each Heart the gracious Oil,
'Till all we are is thine.

H Y M N II.

God is Love. I John iv. 8.

I.

NOW hath the Scripture's sacred Page
That God is Love exprest :
Sure 'tis his Gospel-Name I hear,
And suits his Nature best.

II. Long

(3)

II.

Long was held out to Unbelief
The Law's vindictive Rod ;
A still soft Voice at length succeeds,
And in this last is God.

III.

'Tis the same God, whom *Eden* blest'd,
Tho' *Sinai* shook with pain ;
Not chang'd, but view'd, without a Veil,
To crown the Saviour's Reign.

IV.

Whilst in *Immanuel's* lovely Face,
I view the heavenly Light,
Rescu'd from Fear, my thankful Soul
Worships her God aright.

V.

Here now be fix'd my grounded Faith,
My Praises here begin ;
How full the Glory strikes my Eye !
How sweet the Peace within !

VI.

I cannot chuse but love the Lord,
In this unclouded Day ;
My conquer'd Heart would gladly cast
Her Idols far away.

VII.

Infinite Love has won my Heart,
I melt amidst the Blaze ;
Help me, almighty Grace, to speak,
And live his worthy Praise.

VIII.

Help me to imitate his Truth,
Help me his Rules to trace ;
And all, who his dear Image wear,
In Heav'n or Earth embrace.

H Y M N III.

The Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

I.

WASH and be clean, the Spirit cries ;
In our own Streams, vain Man replies :
Long I the broken Cisterns try'd,
So long the true Relief deny'd.

II.

Jordan was nam'd, not I would move,
But for *Damascus'* Rivers strove ;
Bethesda's Pool made many clean,
But none was near to put me in.

III. My

III.

My Misery *Immanuel* saw,
Knew how to cure, and how to draw ;
I knew him not, he came unfought,
And to my Soul the Fountain brought.

IV.

He apprehended, he was near,
I search'd my Heart and found him there ;
With his own Gift the Saviour stood,
And sweetly pour'd the sprinkling Flood.

V.

But oh ! what Virtue it contains,
To cleanse away my guilty Stains ;
Virtue, Believers can reveal,
And yet not tell, so much as feel !

VI.

Believers know how rich it flows,
How deep the healing Balam goes ;
With Hearts made free, such blest the Hour
Of so much Love, and so much Pow'r.

VII.

All Honour to the Lamb proclaim,
For ever blest his worthy Name ;
The bleeding Lamb, the living Lord,
In Heaven and in Earth ador'd.

H Y M N IV.

Praise.

I.

L O! *Immanuel's* sacred Name
Forms the Song our Lips proclaim ;
Ever new his heav'nly Worth,
Who can set the Treasures forth!

II.

Chief of Sinners, guilty Slaves,
Only sov'reign Mercy saves :
Faith would all the Depth explore,
More we know, we thirst the more.

III.

To th' Eternal Father raise
Son, and Spirit, equal Praise :
Men below, Angels above,
Thank Almighty Sov'reign Love.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N V.

Praise.

I.

MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
My Spirit would rejoice ;
To God, the Source of all my Joys,
I lift my thankful Voice.

II.

His tender Pity ne'er forsook
The Object of his Care ;
His Eye beheld my low Estate,
And rais'd me from Despair.

III.

Once, though in Depths of Guilt I lay,
By Nature's sinful Stain ;
A second *Adam* rais'd me up,
And more than rais'd again.

IV.

Kindly he feeds the hungry Soul,
Fainting and hard bestead ;
He sends the righteous Rich away,
And fills the Poor with Bread.

V. His

V.

His Mercy all their Want supplies,
He chuses such to heal ;
O may I still be poor, that he
His Treasures may reveal.

VI.

No Pow'r would I desire but this,
A worthy Walk to shew ;
The Praise of my becoming Walk
Shall be his Tribute too.

VII.

Fain would my Soul his Influence feel,
Fain would I much receive ;
That to the Spring of all my Joys,
Again I much may give.

H Y M N VI.

Everlasting Love.

I.

WH O's he shall bear me back to trace
The utmost Springs of saving Grace ?
How far extended do they lie,
Impenetrable Mystery !

II. Or

II.

Or who shall lead me to explore
The mighty Bliss which lies before ?
Backward or forward, if I move,
Both Ways alike, 'tis boundless Love.

III.

The poor Perspective in my Hand
Can but a slender Part command ;
My vapour'd Glass, obscurely bright,
But dimly brings it to my Sight.

IV.

Yet in our House of Clay we prove
The Tokens of *Jehovah's* Love ;
Though we can ne'er the Spring disclose,
We taste the River as it flows.

V.

Conscious eternal Gifts alone
Can by Eternity be known ;
The Parts which lie to view we seize,
And bless the Donor's Hand for these.

VI.

Such is the Taste, I thirst for more,
With *Pisgab*-Prospects ev'ry Hour ;
There would my Soul out-fly the Wind,
And leave the less'ning World behind.

H Y M N VII.

Excellency of Christ.

I.

ATTEND, my Soul, *Immanuel's* Worth,
In the bright Forms that set him forth :
What Beauty Nature's Stores afford,
Are the sweet Emblems of my Lord.

II.

Is he the bright, the Morning-Star ?
He points the great Salvation near ;
He shews the tedious Night is gone,
And leads a Dawn immortal on.

III.

Is he the Sun of Righteousness ?
How warm his Beams of Love and Grace !
His smiling Presence makes my Day,
And chases all my Clouds away.

IV.

Sweeter to me his Beauty glows,
Than fragrant *Sharon's* blushing Rose ;
Refreshing as the living Brook,
Or Shadow of some mighty Rock.

V. Is

(11)

V.

Is he a Tow'r? When Trouble's nigh,
For Refuge to his Name I fly ;
Whilst threat'ning Hosts in vain appear,
To force my Sanctuary here.

VI.

An Altar, or a Mercy-Seat ?
Still hither tend my joyful Feet :
To him I spread my Hands abroad,
The Center where I meet my God.

VII.

Oh ! could the World more Types afford,
More could not fully paint my Lord :
Not Earth, nor Heav'n can reach the Whole,
His matchless Value to my Soul.

H Y M N VIII.

Riches of Christ.

I.

LONG did my Soul in Jesu's Form
No Comeliness or Beauty see ;
His sacred Name, by others priz'd,
Was tasteless still, and dead to me.

II.

Men call'd me Christian, and my Heart
On this Delusion fondly stay'd :
Moral my Hope, my Saviour self,
Till mighty Grace the Cheat display'd.

III.

Thanks to the Hand that wak'd my Dream,
That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor ;
That sweetly led me to the Rock,
Where all Salvation stands secure.

IV.

Glad I forsook my righteous Pride,
My tarnish'd filthy sinful Dress ;
Exchang'd my Loss away for Christ,
And find a Robe of Righteousness.

V.

The pure immortal Realms above
Alone admit this spotless Claim ;
Thankful, my Soul accepts the Gift,
And loves my Benefactor's Name.

VI.

So the starv'd Beggar, pinch'd with Cold,
At length from pungent Want releas'd,
Owns the kind Hand that cloaths his Limbs,
And sets the Starveling to a Feast.

VII. Re-

VII.

Refresh'd, I thought my Joy complete,
When, lo ! *Immanuel's* Bounties rise ;
Still fresh Discov'ries he unfolds,
The lovely Treasures yet surprize.

VIII.

Oh haste, Redeemer, bring the End,
Let not thy Chariot Wheels delay ;
Remove me from inferior Joys,
And Heav'n-ward kiss my Soul away.

H Y M N IX.

For Deliverance from Sin.

I.

ARISE, O King, against the Strong,
In me thy Right display,
Subdue whate'er offends, and chase
The Traitor Sin away.

II.

Saviour, thy Enemies are mine,
Erect thy Throne within ;
From conquering to conquer go,
And purge my Heart from Sin.

III. The

III.

The stubborn Foe contemns my Pow'r,
I bring him, Lord, to thee :
Myself I bring, avenge my Soul,
And set the Injur'd free.

IV.

Not one would I exempt, not one
Of all the loathsome Race ;
Examine, search, command, subdue
By thy victorious Grace.

V.

Purge secret Faults, and Bosom-Vice,
Take a right Hand, or Eye ;
Spare not an *Agag*, let him fall,
And hewn before thee die.

VI.

Give me a Will, give thou me Pow'r
Still equal to the War ;
Captain of my Salvation, Thou
Thy trembling Soldier cheer.

VII.

Thou wilt give Strength, thou wilt give Pow'r,
Thou wilt in Time set free :
This, great Deliv'rer, let me hope,
This, not for Self, but Thee.

H Y M N X.

Thy Kingdom come.

I.

SAVIOUR King, assume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror:
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

II.

Distant Tracts thy Scepter wait,
Long to worship at thy Feet:
To thy scatter'd People come,
Bring the wand'ring Remnant home.

III.

Japhet's Isles do bless thy Name,
Let the *West* thy Worth proclaim;
Wash the *Ethiopian* clean,
In the *East* new Signs be seen.

IV.

Great the Band of those be found,
Who proclaim the joyful Sound;
Pow'r accompany their Word,
Let each Hearer hear the Lord.

V. To

V.

To the Brightness of thy Face
Fly in Troops the suppliant Race ;
Princes shall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

VI.

When, like Light'ning through the Skies,
Will thy ev'ry Glory rise !
When shall we behold thy Pow'r,
When salute th' accomplish'd Hour !

VII.

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindreds wait to sing :
Then shall all the chosen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XI.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Pow'r,
Kindly thy quick'ning Work begin ;
Visit a formal dead Mankind,
And lift them from their Graves of Sin.

II. Amongst

II.

Amongst the Tombs thy Circuit take,
Bring *Sinai's* wakening Thunders there,
Follow'd by Grace's softer Voice;
But give the Slumb'ers Ears to hear.

III.

The Dead can ne'er thy Praise advance,
The Living shall thy Worth proclaim;
Bid many rise, and they shall bless
With us the great Redeemer's Name.

IV.

Rebellious flinty Hearts subdue,
Chase stubborn Unbelief away;
Pour on the Blind, that think they see,
The sev'n-fold Light of Gospel-Day.

V.

The Deaf, the Dumb, restor'd by Thee,
Shall soon the wond'rous Change confess;
Nor aught their future Song employ,
Save the sweet Riches of Free-Grace.

VI.

Ev'n thy own Saints await thy Pow'r,
Our trembling Lamps ask fresh Supplies;
Do thou each virtuous Light sustain,
And teach our feeble Flame to rise.

D

VII. Faith,

VII.

Faith, Hope, and Charity we ask,
And Purity still more to feel ;
Deep in our Hearts thy Work engrave,
And still more deep the heav'nly Seal.

VIII.

Inspire our Love, inspire it high,
To *Jesus* our Affections raise :
We more would thank, we more would bless,
We more would live our *Jesu's* Praise.

H Y M N XII,

The Divine Sovereignty.

I.

OUR God reigns, ye Lands rejoice,
Lift, ye Isles, a thankful Voice ;
Ev'ry Throne, by One controul'd,
Well secures the passive World.

II.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves subside ;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The Whole centers to his Will.

III.

Dost thou wonder at the Course?
Dost thou search the distant Source?
He directs the winding Maze,
He converts it to his Praise.

IV.

Facts this clears not, nor commends,
Man proposeth diff'rent Ends;
Lo, thou act'st to Self, not Him,
Justly then his Laws condemn.

V.

How unfathomably wise,
Beauteous too, his Counsel lies!
Ev'ry way his Will is done,
Ev'ry way his Justice shewn.

VI.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing Word;
Satan toils, and Men project,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

VII.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold;
Wheels, encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

(20)

VIII.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints, that wait his Hour ;
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XIII.

Thanksgiving.

I.

EARTH, and Sun, and Stars decay,
Mouldring Worlds must pass away ;
Yet the Gospel ne'er shall fail,
Truth is great, and must prevail.

II.

Not a Tittle of thy Word,
Jesu, our incarnate Lord,
Not a Tittle but will rise
For Fulfilment in the Skies.

III.

Glad we hail the stable Reign,
Thy own Pow'r will still maintain ;
To thy perfect Throne we bow,
Alpha, and *Omega*, Thou.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N

HYMN XIV.

It is finished.

I.

TIS *Finish'd*, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilst Love, which set him firm to Death,
As firmly fills his parting Breath.

II.

My thankful Faith attends the Word,
And marks the Conquests of her Lord;
Views the kind Work his Birth began,
Complete, and fix'd for helpless Man.

III.

Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace,
Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace;
Th' accursing Law that call'd for Blood,
And ev'ry high Demand of God.

IV.

Who now shall the Elect condemn?
Or what shall urge a second Claim?
Whilst Justice satisfy'd appears,
And Law itself the Ransom'd clears.

V.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar,
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear !
Where-e'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis Finish'd still shall answer all.

VI.

Awake, my Soul, adore his Name,
Immanuel's mighty Worth proclaim :
Behold, his matchless Toil is done,
And yet thy Thanks are scarce begun.

VII.

Salvation's finish'd, greatly so,
But not the Thanks the Ransom'd owe ;
For all the Gift Free-Grace displays,
Oh ! may my Life and Death be Praise.

HYMN XV.

Complaint.

I.

WHEN shall I find my Heart more warm ?
This cold Indifference when be gone ?
When shall I cease from groveling Frames,
And put a brighter Habit on ?

II. Behold

II.

Behold the Mercys of my Lord,
To what a mighty Height they rise ;
His Love to me how great, but mine
How weak, how languishing it lies !

III.

How vast the Disproportion stands !
Lively and pure should be my Zeal ;
But still it fails, and falls ev'n short
Of what my Heart could wish to feel.

IV.

I fail in my Desires, and they
Compar'd to what I owe are vain :
How great then must my Failings prove,
When all I reach is to complain !

V.

Blow on thy Clay Almighty Breath,
Help thou my glim'ring Sparks to rise ;
Give me to know a stronger Flame,
The glad Obedience of the Skies.

VI.

Let me expect, and eye the Day,
When shall be reach'd the State above ;
When Deadness, Coldness, Sighs shall cease,
And all I feel be Life and Love.

H Y M N XVI.

The Gospel-Feast.

I.

HITHER, ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
A Sin-disorder'd trembling Throng:
To you the Gospel calls, to you
Messiah's Blessings all belong.

II.

The Rich, the Righteous, feel no Want,
But scornful shun the gen'rous Feast ;
Whilst hungry empty Souls grow full,
And share with Joy the sweet Repast.

III.

'Twas with their Griefs *Messiah* groan'd,
'T was with their Guilt his Soul was try'd :
Their Punishment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when *Jesus* dy'd.

IV.

Reason and Virtue's boastful Sons,
Derive no Blessing from his Tree :
For Sinners only *Jesus* dy'd,
Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

V. Now

V.

Now to my Sight Salvation clears,
I view the Gifts of Love divine:
As Heav'n was higher than the Earth,
So were redeeming Thoughts than mine,

VI.

Awake my Heart, arise my Soul,
And join the praiseful Choirs above ;
Nothing shall tune my future Song
But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.

H Y M N XVII.

Contentment.

I.

GRANT me with Christ, indulgent God,
But Bread and Liberty ;
I ask no more, my weary Soul
Would gladly fix on Thee.

II.

Regardless of the busy World,
That pants for empty Toys ;
My Soul would stretch her Wings away,
To reach immortal Joys.

E

III. Fly

III.

Fly me, Temptations, let me shun
The Track of thorny Care ;
What my God gives is full as much
As safely I can bear.

IV.

The Rich, the Great, the Proud, the Vain,
I'll not with Envy view ;
The Wretched need not Envy meet,
When Pity is their Due.

V.

Far off, I pity all their State,
The Dream, the Smoke, the Lye :
Far off, I prize my heav'nly Lot,
My Hope that ne'er shall die.

VI.

Not here my dear *Immanuel* lives,
'Tis he demands my Love :
O let me daily die below,
To live with him above.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Resurrection.

I.

HEAR *Immanuel's* Voice proclaim
I the Resurrection am :
Mine the Pow'r that brings to Sight
Immortality and Light.

II.

Welcome sweet refreshing Sound,
Welcome Blessing lately found ;
Loaded once with Doubts and Fears,
Pleasing now the View appears.

III.

Second *Adam*, sacred Head,
Surety of the sleeping Dead ;
Conqu'ring hath secur'd the Way
Unto everlasting Day.

IV.

From the Grave's ignoble Rust,
He secures our rising Dust ;
Pattern, in his glorious State,
Of the Change his Foll'wers wait.

V.

Soon the rolling Years shall bring
The returning Lord, our King :
Soon the joyful Morn shall rise,
With new Guests to deck the Skies.

VI.

Trust his Pow'r, believing Saints,
Banish far obscure Complaints ;
He who once did Death subdue,
He will conquer too for you.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XIX.

In Troubles.

I.

A H ! Whither shall I turn for Rest,
What Balm can ease my troubled Breast ?
When heavy Grievs oppress my Soul,
And o'er my Head their Billows roll.

II.

My anxious Heart attempts in vain
By diff'rent Arts to burst the Chain :
The stubborn Guests do still corrode,
And threat me with a fix'd Abode.

III. So

III.

So pants for Ease the wounded Hart,
Whilst in his Side he bears the Dart :
From Grove to Grove his Flight he bends
In vain, the Weapon still attends.

IV.

The gazing World neglects my Grief,
Or pitying cannot yield Relief ;
Within, without, no Help I feel,
No Prospect of Deliv'rance still.

V.

'Till thou deliverest, O Lord,
Fruitless I toil ; O speak the Word :
To Thee alone I fly, to Thee,
Awake thine Arm, and set me free.

VI.

Amidst my Clouds thy Face display,
And chase the gloomy Veil away :
For Faith, dear Lord, for Faith I call,
O pour in Faith, and thou giv'st all.

VII.

In Troubles past thy Pow'r was known,
In Sev'n thou wilt thy Servant own :
My Soul shall still thy Praises sing,
And triumph in my God and King.

H Y M N XX.

Thanksgiving.

I.

SHOUT, O *Zion*, hail thy King ;
To his Feet thy Off'rings bring.
Cloath'd with Majesty and Love,
Jesus lives, and reigns above.

II.

Once debas'd, yet glorious now,
Heav'n and Earth to him do bow ;
Thrones above, and Worlds unknown,
His superior Scepter own.

III.

Satan, with his rebel Train,
Opposition lifts in vain,
See the vanquish'd Shadows fly,
Sin is purg'd, and Death shall die.

IV.

Ev'ry Purchase of his Pain,
Still the Conqu'ror will maintain.
Walls and Bulwarks round us stand,
Naught can pluck us from his Hand,

V. Faith

V.

Faith forbids that *Jesu's* Blood,
Pour'd in vain the purple Flood.
Those he bought, his Right shall meet
Joyful Subjects at his Feet.

VI.

Fix'd the Kingdom to his View,
Fix'd were not his Subjects too ?
'Tis by thankful Saints confest,
Why was I, why I, a Guest ?

VII.

Art thou made to hear his Voice,
Dead as others, rais'd by Choice ?
Bless, my Soul, and praise his Pow'r,
His alone for evermore.

VIII.

Glory be to Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One.
Men below, Angels above,
Praise eternal boundless Love.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXI.

An Evening Hymn.

I.

HERETO my *Ebenezer* stands,
A faithful God my Praise demands :
From Day to Day he makes me prove
The constant Tokens of his Love.

II.

Whate'er my Dangers past have been,
Or whate'er Mercies I have seen ;
Still his indulgent Hand appears,
To crown with Good my flowing Years.

III.

The Hours declin'd, and setting Sun
Shew too my daily Course is run :
The Evening Shade, and silent Night,
My weary Limbs to Rest invite.

IV,

My feeble Self, and frail Abode,
Humbly I trust to *Israel's* God ;
Who all his Charge in Safety keeps ;
The One who slumbers not, nor sleeps.

V. His

V.

His Goodness how shall I reveal,
The balmy Gifts he makes me feel !
Praise him, ye Saints, upon your Beds,
From whom your inward Rest proceeds.

VI.

Oh ! how securely do they breathe !
Remote from Cares, or Dread of Death,
Whose Breasts still secret Pleasures move,
The Pleasures of a Saviour's Love.

VII.

When their last Evening shall come,
A softer Sleep shall lead them home :
And in the Morn their Dust shall rise,
To mount with Triumph to the Skies.

H Y M N XXII.

Thanksgiving.

I.

THOU, *Jehovah*, art the Lord,
Glorious ever, and ador'd ;
E'er was form'd this massy Frame,
Thou wast God, and still the same,

F

II. Wif-

II.

Wisdom, Pow'r belong to Thee,
Honour, Immortality ;
Cloath'd with all Perfection, Thou
Heav'n and Earth alone dost bow.

III.

Thou sustain'st the living Race,
Various in their Tribes and Place :
All thy Works thy Goodness feel,
All their bounteous Lord reveal.

IV.

Great, thine Anger hath not hurl'd
To dark Shades a sinful World ;
Great, thy Thunders do not roll
Wasteful Death from Pole to Pole.

V.

Majesty and Pow'r are thine,
But we bless thy Grace divine,
Those peculiar Lights that prove
Thy Complacency and Love.

VI.

What are we to view Thee Good,
Reconcil'd by *Jesu's* Blood ?
What are we, Sinners and Dust,
That our God is kind as just !

VII. Bring

VII.

Bring glad Tribute to his Throne,
You that his Dominion own ;
Angels, Saints, his Praises sing,
Triumph in your God and King.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXIII.

Worthy is the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

I.

TO *Jesus* let us raise our Song,
Whose Worth can ne'er be fully told :
Join we ev'n here the heav'nly Choir,
That sing his Name on Harps of Gold.

II.

Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
The Charge of one united Strain,
Be giv'n to the victorious Lamb,
That once was dead, and lives again.

III.

Worthy high Adoration He,
That lov'd, and wash'd us in his Blood ;
Who offer'd up a spotless Soul,
To bring us Rebels near to God.

F 2

IV. If

IV.

If worthy our *Messiah* Praise,
Angelic Hosts, appears to you,
Much more shall ransom'd we confess
Our everlasting Songs his Due.

V.

Know, this *Immanuel* is Lord,
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Worlds unknown :
Low at his Feet your Tributes lay,
And worship at the purchas'd Throne.

VI.

Behold, what Suff'rings once he bore,
What Miseries, what Shame, what Loss ?
So many Glories now he wears,
The Crown but equal to the Cross.

V

II.

Glories divine are all his Right,
The costly Purchase of his Pain ;
Let Seraphs bless, let Earth admire,
And ev'ry Creature say, Amen.

H Y M N XXIV.

Joseph.

I.

WHEN *Joseph*, Favourite of Heav'n,
Was Lord of *Pharaoh's* Land;
The needy Brothers came and bow'd,
For Succours at his Hand.

II.

Compassion kindles in the Heart
Themselves had pierc'd with Pains :
Kind he allots the famish'd Race
To *Goshen's* fruitful Plains.

III.

But thou, my Soul, can't tell a Dearth
And Bounty more than this ;
An heav'nly *Joseph*, most divine,
Who lends thee Righteousness.

IV.

Who can describe his lib'ral Hand !
What Words relate his Store !
Who e'er could measure *Jesu's* Love,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !

V. In

V.

In Wonder lost, and glad Surprise,
His Love my Soul surveys ;
Whilst all the Treasure he unfolds,
Exceeds created Praise.

VI.

Behold, ye Saints, what Good your Friend
For your past Ill requites !
See to what Feasts, instead of Shame,
His pard'ning Grace invites !

VII.

What sweet Enclosure we possess,
What *Goshen* here is giv'n !
And this no other than a Type,
And Antipast of Heav'n.

H Y M N XXV.

The Brazen Serpent.

I.

W I T H fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
When *Israel's* grieving Tribes complain'd;
A Serpent strait the Prophet made,
Of molten Brass to view display'd.

II. Around

II.

Around the fainting Crouds attend,
To Heav'n their mournful Sighs ascend :
They hope, they look, whilst from the Pole,
A Pow'r descends, and sets them whole.

III.

But oh, what Healing to the Heart
Does *Jesu's* greater Cross impart !
What Life by Faith our Souls receive,
When unto him we look and live !

IV.

Still may I view the sacred Cross,
And other Objects count but Loss :
Here still be fix'd, my feasted Eyes,
Teeming with Thanks, and glad Surprise !

V.

To Reason's View so strange Effects
An unbelieving World rejects ;
What Reason scorns, her Sons deride,
And wond'ring, perish in their Pride.

VI.

My Soul, make thou thy Boast of God,
And shew his Saving Pow'r abroad ;
Israel of old, and now no less,
The same mirac'lous Gift confess.

VII. Hail, .

V.

Hail, great Physician, balmy Name,
Thy Worth the Ransom'd will proclaim;
From Death 'tis Thou alone set'st free,
We own no other Life but Thee.

H Y M N XXVI.

*From Solomon's Song, Chap. viii.
Seeking after Christ.*

I.

SWEET Guardian of my Days, attend,
My Lord, my Husband, and my Friend;
Jesu, fain would I mark my Guide,
And set me constant at thy Side.

II.

Whilst o'er the lonesome Waste I move,
Nature's wild State, where others rove,
I lean on thee, thy Presence cheers,
And I a while forget my Fears.

III.

But soon my trembling Steps must err,
If Thou, Companion, be not near;
Great Comforter, my Grievs survey,
And let thy Arm uphold my Way.

IV. The

IV.

The dear Memorials of thy Love,
Still let my fainting Spirits prove :
That Love, which strong as Death hath stood,
Thy Fire unquench'd amidst the Flood.

V.

Fix'd in thy Mem'ry let me stand,
A grateful Seal upon Thy Hand :
Let not thy Kindness once depart,
Engrave and wear me in Thy Heart.

VI.

Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
And Doubts and Dangers leave me free,
Thy pleasing Converse let me hear,
Thy friendly Voice to glad my Ear.

VII.

Turn, my Beloved, turn this Way,
Let not thy Chariot long delay.
Fly like the bounding Hart, or Roe,
O'er the rich Hills where Spices glow.

G

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVII.

From Solomon's Song. Chap. v.

I.

WHEN to Strangers I proclaim
Great *Immanuel's* lovely Name,
Scornful, they accost me thus,
What is thy Belov'd to us ?

II.

Daughters of *Jerus'lem* hear,
Turn not a contemptuous Ear,
Glad Experience shall impart,
Why he so attracts my Heart.

III.

White and ruddy he appears,
Chief amongst ten Thousand Fairs :
White with Righteousness within,
Red with Blood that purg'd my Sin.

IV.

Tell a Saviour of such Price,
You that own no Sacrifice:
You whose moral Merits shine,
Shew a Title so divine.

V. Ah!

V.

Ah! do you an Heaven claim
Built upon so weak a Frame!
Mark your Crime, your Folly see,
Sinners mark, and join with me.

VI.

Were to you his Virtues known,
Soon his Name your Songs would own,
Healing as the Balm that flows,
Sweet as *Sharon's* matchless Rose.

VII.

Fairer than the Sons of Men,
Full of Grace his Lips are seen.
Angels are not equal known,
Only equal fills the Throne.

VIII.

May I boast no other Theme,
Seek in Heaven none but him.
Sure his Worth if others knew,
All the World would love him too,

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXVIII.

From Isaiah, Chap. ix.

I.

SURE his Name is *Wonderful*,
Mighty God all Tongues confess.
Sure *Immanuel* bears to Earth
God the Father's Form express.

II.

Of Myst'ries in Heights above,
Nature, Time, Eternity ;
None is equal found to this,
Nor shall second to it be.

III.

Wisdom, Mercy, Justice, Pow'r,
Sweetly harmoniz'd appear ;
Peace below, Glory above,
Both together triumph here.

IV.

Darken'd Man so high a Gift,
Doubting trembles to receive ;
Love the same which spread the Feast,
Sweetly teaches to believe.

V. Faith

V.

Faith hath known that God is Love,
To her Eye his Glories shine.
Not a God like ours is found,
Not a Saviour so divine.

VI.

In this Light my Soul sees Light,
Here the Saints their Lord adore.
Here the Creature bows aright,
Bows that never bow'd before.

Hallelujah.

HYMN XXIX.

At a Funeral.

I.

MOURN not our Brother's breathless Clay,
He is not dead, but sleeps :
The Grave where once *Immanuel* lay
His Dead in safety keeps.

II.

Why should we mourn, when Angels sing ?
In Grief why pensive move ?
When all the heav'nly Arches ring,
To welcome him above.

III. Soon

III.

Soon, very soon, this humble Dust,
Which yields the Earth it's own,
Will rise amongst the happy Just,
With heav'nly Glory on.

IV.

Death, Thou that spoil'st the human Race,
And boastest in thy Reign,
Know, thy own Ruin hastes apace,
Thou dy'st, we live again.

V.

Not amongst Evils now, but Friends,
We rank the stingless Foe;
Our Passage into Life it stands,
Our greatest Friend below.

VI.

Nothing we wait, we nothing need,
But *Jesu's* Face to see,
We thirst for Life, for Life indeed,
Haste, Lord, and set us free.

VII.

Hear, O *Immanuel*, our Crys,
And bring thy Chariot near;
Wing us away to heav'nly Joys,
And wipe off ev'ry Tear.

H Y M N X X X.

Blessedness of Saints.

I.

TH E glim'ring Dawn conceals its Face,
When the bright Sun ascends his Place :
So Grace to Glory quits the Room,
When once she gains her heav'nly Home.

II.

Happy the Company that's gone,
From Cross to Crown, from Thrall to Throne ;
How sweet they sing upon the Shore,
They never saw, tho' fought before ?

III.

Bless'd are the Dead ; yea, faith the Word,
That die in *Christ* the living Lord.
Whilst thus beyond the Grave they raise
In heav'nly Tunes their happy Praise.

IV.

' Death from all Death hath set us free,
' And will our Gain for ever be.
' 'Tis this hath loos'd our Band of Woe,
' And let the groaning Captives go.

V. ' Death

V.

- ‘ Death was to us a sweet Repose,
- ‘ The Bud was ope’d to shew the Rose :
- ‘ The Cage was broke to let us fly,
- ‘ And build our peaceful Nest on high.

VI.

- ‘ The Thousandth Part we now behold,
- ‘ By mortal Tongues was never told ;
- ‘ We met a Taste, but now above,
- ‘ We triumph in the Fields of Love.

VII.

- ‘ No Darknes now, no cloudy Night,
- ‘ Nor Vapour intercepts our Sight.
- ‘ We see for ever Face to Face,
- ‘ The highest Prince in highest Place.

VIII.

- ‘ The Lamb does Heav’n enough afford,
- ‘ We are for ever with the Lord :
- ‘ We want no more, for all is giv’n,
- ‘ His Presence is the Life of Heav’n.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXI.

Faith profitable.

I.

FAITH, what a wond'rous Gift thou art,
The Balm for all our Ills!
This lifts the Christian, and his Heart
With boundless Treasure fills.

II.

By Faith we rise, and force our Flight
Thro' all the Clouds of Sense,
And view the Glories out of Sight
With brightest Evidence.

III.

By Faith we see the unseen Things,
Unknown to mortal Eyes;
Whilst Reason stretching all her Wings,
Beneath despairing lies.

IV.

By Faith we climb the Crystal Sky,
And from the lofty Sphere,
The little Earth a Mote espy,
Unworthy of our Care.

H

V. By

V.

By Faith we build a lasting Hope
On Righteousness divine ;
Nor can we sink with such a Prop,
Tho' Earth and Hell combine.

VI.

By Faith we stand, tho' oft we fall,
In Darkness we have Light ;
Nor dare we doubt, or question all,
When all is out of Sight.

H Y M N XXXII.

The Robe of Righteousness.

I.

AWAKE my Heart, arise my Tongue,
Prepare a tuneful Voice ;
In God the Life of all my Joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

II.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked Soul,
And made Salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted Worm,
He makes his Mercies shine.

III. And

III.

And left the Shadow of a Spot,
Should on my Soul be found,
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

IV.

How far this heav'nly Robe exceeds
What earthly Princes wear !
These Ornaments how bright they shine,
How white the Garments are !

V.

The Spirit wrought my Faith and Love,
And Hope, and ev'ry Grace ;
But *Jesus* spent his Life to work
The Robe of Righteousness.

VI.

Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three.
In sweetest Harmony of Praise,
Let all thy Pow'rs agree.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Love of God unchangeable.

I.

WHO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their Souls;
And Mercy like a mighty Stream
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.

II.

Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their Stead;
And the Salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the Dead.

III.

He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
What can divide us from his Love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

IV.

Not Persecution, nor Distress,
Famine, nor Sword, nor Nakedness;
He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.

V. Faith

V.

Faith hath an overcoming Pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying Hour:
Jesus is all our Strength, and Hope,
Nor can we sink with such a Prop.

VI.

Not all that Life or Death can do,
Or Pow'rs above, or Pow'rs below,
Can cause his Kindness to remove.
Or wean from us our Saviour's Love.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Providence.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Why is my barren Heart not lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise?

II.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
Whilst in the silent Womb I lay,
Or hung upon the Breast.

III. To

III.

To all my weak Complaints, and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in Pray'r.

IV.

Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
From whence those Comforts flow'd.

V.

When thro' the slipp'ry Paths of Youth,
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thy Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to Man.

VI.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way ;
And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VII.

Thro' all Eternity to Thee
A grateful Song I'll raise :
But oh ! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

H Y M N XXXV.

Thanksgiving.

I.

MEET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and King.
Just in ev'ry Time and Place,
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

II.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the cheerful Sound,
Publish through the World abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.

III.

Praises here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive,
Holy Father, Sovereign Lord,
Always, ev'ry where ador'd.

IV.

Sons of *Belial*, hear the Cry,
Loud as you our God defy ;
You can glory in your Shame,
Shall not we our God proclaim ?

V. You

V.

You can brave *Jehovah's* Laws,
Zealous in your Master's Cause.
Jesu, shall thy Servants be
Less resolv'd, and bold for Thee?

VI.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in *Jesu's* Name.
Saviour, Thee we ever bless,
Thee before thy Foes confess.

VII.

Silent have we been too long,
Aw'd by Earth's rebellious Throng.
Should we still to sing deny,
Sure the very Stones would cry.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Christ our Sanctification.

I.

JESU, my Lord, Thyself apply,
Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe;
My vile Affections crucify,
Conform me to thy Death.

II. Con-

II.

Conqu'ror of Hell, and Death, and Sin,
With my Rebellion strive ;
Enter my Soul, and work within,
Kill Thou and make alive.

III.

More of thy Life I still shall have,
As the old *Adam* dies.
Bury me, Saviour, in thy Grave,
That I with Thee may rise.

IV.

Reign in me, Lord, thy Foes controul,
That would refuse thy Sway.
Diffuse thy Image thro' my Soul,
And bring the perfect Day.

V.

Scatter the last Remains of Sin,
And seal me thine Abode ;
O set me purify'd within,
A Temple fit for God.

VI.

My Root of Holiness Thou art,
For Faith hath made Thee mine :
With all thy Fulness fill my Heart,
Till all I am is thine.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Wonder.

I.

AND can it be that I should gain
An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood!
Dy'd he for such as caus'd his Pain,
Sinners, who him to Death pursu'd!

II.

'Tis Myst'ry all, *Messiah* dies!
Who can explore his strange Design?
In vain the curious *Seraph* tries
To sound the Depths of Love divine.

III.

He left his Father's Throne above,
So free, so infinite his Grace!
Empty'd himself of all but Love,
And bled for a despairing Race.

IV.

Long my imprison'd Spirit lay
Fast bound in Nature's anxious Night:
Jesus has shed a healing Ray,
And brought me to the joyful Light.

V.

No Condemnation would I dread,
Since humble Faith hath made him mine ;
I live in him my second Head,
Array'd in Righteousness divine.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Divine Love.

I.

BEGONE, vain World, my Heart resign,
For I can be no longer thine,
A nobler, a diviner Guest,
Requires Possession of my Breast.

II.

My Saviour's Title is to all,
But ah! the Room is still too small ;
In vain you tempt my Heart to rove,
A fairer Object claims my Love.

III.

At last (alas how late!) I've seen
One lovelier than the Sons of Men ;
The chiefest of ten Thousand He,
Proportion all, and Majesty.

IV.

All earthly Beauties are but Rays,
Which his bright Form more full displays ;
All beside him must disappear,
He only Good, He only Fair.

V.

Saviour, to Thee my Soul aspires,
With holy Breathings, warm Desires.
To thee my panting Heart would move,
Oh make it undivided Love !

VI.

How do thy gracious Streams of Light
Ev'n thro' this Veil refresh my Sight !
When shall my prison'd Soul be free,
To find my All, my Heav'n in Thee !

H Y M N XXXIX.

Expostulation.

I.

S H A L L Children of the Lord Most High
Their Royal Souls debase ?
To chuse the Earth, and transient Joys,
Before their Native Place ?

II. Shall

II.

Shall they, belov'd of *Jesus Christ*,
From him unkindly part!
Or shall the Heav'n-born Sons of Light
To this World give their Heart !

III.

Shall Souls, in whom the Lord delights,
From his Embraces fly ?
Abuse a dying Saviour's Love,
And flight Eternity !

IV.

Strange, that the princely Sons of God
Reject their Father's Word !
The Ox and As their Master know,
And these forget the Lord !

V.

My Soul, seek thou thy high Descent,
The Love by *Jesus* shewn ;
My fallen Soul would seek the Rock,
From whence I first was hewn.

VI.

My God shall have my grateful Heart,
And he my Feet shall guide :
No Pleasure will I count but this,
Nor seek for Joys beside.

VII. Par-

VII.

Pardon me, Source of all my Hopes,
That I could ever rove ;
Ground Thou, and root, and stablish me
In everlasting Love.

H Y M N XL.

Blessedness of Faith.

I.

FAITH comes by hearing God's Record
Concerning *Jesus Christ* the Lord ;
The happy Mean which Heav'n has blest
For bringing to the Gospel Rest.

II.

The joyful Sound is News of Grace,
Redemption of a fallen Race ;
Thro' *Jesus's* Righteousness divine,
Which bright from Faith to Faith doth shine.

III.

The Promise of immortal Bliss
Is made to this new Righteousness ;
By this our Right to Life is bought,
Faith begs the Right, but buys it not.

IV. True

(63)

IV.

True Faith receives the offer'd Good,
And Promise seal'd with precious Blood :
Gives me no Title to the Bliss,
But takes th' intitling Righteousness.

V.

In the Redeemer, as my Head,
The Cov'nant is established ;
In Him the Promises are Yea,
In Him Amen, and not in me.

VI.

My out-stretch'd Faith receives the same,
So has obtain'd a famous Name ;
Yet gladly throws its Glory down,
That Christ alone may wear the Crown.

H Y M N XLI.

The Lord our Righteousness.

I.

THE Lord our Righteousness, how great
The Mystery for Sinners meet !
Whilst our Unrighteousness well known
Our heav'nly Surety made his own.

II. Hence

H.

Hence tho' I ne'er had more or less
Of Law-fulfilling Righteousness,
Yet here is one wrought to my Hand,
As full as Justice can demand.

III.

By this the Law is honour'd more,
Than e'er my Sin disgrac'd before ;
Yea, Justice can't be pleas'd so well,
By all the Miseries of Hell.

IV.

Amazing Wisdom, heav'nly Love,
Did stoop to save me from above ;
Tho' Justice therefore might condemn,
Now by more Justice sav'd I am.

V.

He to the Law, tho' Lord of it,
Did most obediently submit ;
What he ne'er broke, and yet must die,
What I ne'er kept, yet sav'd am I.

VI.

The Mystery of Love and Grace,
Believing Souls extol and trace,
Because our Judge doth not condemn,
Henceforth we only live to him.

H Y M N XLII.

Excellency of Christ.

I.

NA T U R E with open Volume stands,
To spread her Maker's Praise abroad ;
And ev'ry Labour of his Hands
Shews something worthy of our God.

II.

But in the Grace, that rescu'd Man,
His brightest Form of Glory shines ;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious Blood and Crimson Lines.

III.

Here his whole Name appears complete,
Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove,
Which of the Letters best is writ,
The Pow'r, the Wisdom, or the Love.

IV.

Here I behold his inmost Heart,
Where Love and Vengeance strangely join :
Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,
To make the purchas'd Blessings mine.

V.

O the sweet Wonders of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
From his dear Wounds, and bleeding Side.

VI.

I would for ever speak his Name
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown;
With Angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at th' all-gracious Throne.

H Y M N XLIII.

Faith working by Love.

I.

SUCH who are deck'd with Righteousness,
Do Virtue's Paths pursue;
They know *Immanuel* came to bless,
By Blood and Water too.

II.

That in his Righteousness I trust,
My better'd Life must shew;
Tho' Graces cannot make me just,
They shew me to be so.

III. Lo,

III.

Lo, Errors wait on either Side,
Or Faith, or Works to wound ;
Whilst *Antinomians* them divide,
And *Legalists* confound.

IV.

To Faith a justifying Place,
Yet Works as Fruits, we own ;
Distinct in View, else no glad Peace
Of Conscience can be known.

V.

Where-ever Faith doth justify,
It purifies the Heart ;
The Pardon, and the Purity,
Join Hands and never part.

VI.

God's justifying Love is such,
As lifts my Heart to Heav'n ;
I cannot chuse but love him much,
Who much has me forgiv'n.

VII.

How should I deadly Works fulfil,
If crucify'd with Thee,
Immanuel ? May thy Spirit dwell,
And ever work in me.

H Y M N XLIV.

Desiring Heaven.

I.

THERE's nothing round this spacious Earth
Can suit my vast Desires ;
To more refin'd and solid Mirth,
My boundless Thirst aspires.

II.

When but in Drops here by the Way,
Free Love distils itself,
I pour Contempt on Hills of Prey,
And Heaps of worldly Pelf.

III.

To me amidst my little Joys,
Thrones, Scepters, Crowns and Kings,
Are nothing else but empty Toys,
And despicable Things.

IV.

Down with Disdain Earth's Pomp I thrust,
Bid tempting Wealth away ;
Bliss is not made of yellow Dust,
Nor Heav'n of glitt'ring Clay.

V. Let

V.

Let Fools a shad'wy Heav'n pursue,
 Whilst I for Substance am :
The Heav'n I seek is Likeness to,
 And Vision of the Lamb.

VI.

The worthy Lamb with Glory crown'd,
 In his august Abode ;
Enthron'd sublime, and deck'd around
 In Majesty of God.

VII.

I long to join the Saints above,
 Who feel his beamy Rays ;
Long through the happy Ranks to move,
 And equal them in Praise.

H Y M N XLV.

Description of Christ.

I.

COME, worship at *Immanuel's* Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet :
Words are too feeble to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

II. Is

II.

Is He our Head ? Each Member lives,
And owns the vital Pow'r he gives.
The Saints below, and Saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.

III.

Is he a Vine ? His heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life, and Fruit.
O let a lasting Union join
My Soul, the Branch, to *Christ* the Vine.

IV.

Is he compar'd to Wine, or Bread ?
Dear Lord, my Soul would thus be fed.
That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.

V.

Is He a Rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
But the sweet Streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the Defart thro'.

VI.

Is He a Sun ? His Beams are Grace,
The Course he runs is Joy and Peace ;
What Healing in his Wings appears,
To chase our Clouds, and dry our Tears !

VII. When

VII.

When shall I climb those higher Skies,
Where Storms and Tempests never rise!
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And shines and reigns the God of Grace.

VIII.

Not Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears :
His Beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.

H Y M N XLVI.

From Solomon's Song, Chap. viii.

I.

WHO is this Fair One in Distress,
That travels from the Wilderness?
Oppress'd with Sorrows, and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

II.

This is the Spouse of *Christ* our God,
Redeem'd and purchas'd with his Blood :
And her Request, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.

III. O

III.

O let my Name engraven stand
Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand :
Seal me upon thine Arm ; and wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

IV.

Stronger than Death Thy Love is known,
Which Floods of Wrath could never drown :
And Hell and Earth in vain combine
To quench a Flame so much divine.

V.

But I am jealous of my Heart,
Lest it should once from Thee depart.
Then let thy Name be well imprest,
As a fair Signet on my Breast.

VI.

Till Thou hast brought me to thy Home,
Where Fears and Doubts can never come.
Thy Count'nance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.

VI.

Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the Hours of thy Delay :
Fly like the youthful Hart or Roe
Over the Hills where Spices grow.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Believer's Experience.

I.

STRANGE and mysterious is my Case,
'Twixt Grief and Joy, Nature and Grace ;
In me are Contraries, yet such,
That each Believer feels as much.

II.

I dwell in Safety, much oppress'd,
Have constant Trouble, yet have Rest ;
My Pleasure issues from my Pain,
My Losses but increase my Gain.

III.

I have good Reason to be sad,
And yet more Reason to be glad ;
I'm both deliver'd, and involv'd,
By Law condemn'd, by Law absolv'd.

IV.

My Comfort rises from Despair,
My pardon'd Sins my Burden are ;
Mercy removes my Pains and Fears,
And yet dissolves my Heart in Tears.

V.

The Work is great I'm call'd unto,
Yet nothing's left for me to do;
Hence for my Work Heav'n has prepar'd
No Wages, yet a great Reward.

VI.

Faith in my Lord doth this secure,
And the same Faith hath made me poor;
Poor in myself, and nothing less,
Nothing I have, yet all possess.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Breathing after Christ.

I.

FAR from my Thoughts, vain World, be gone,
Let my Religious Hours alone:
Fain would my Eye my Saviour see,
I wait a Visit, Lord, from Thee.

II.

My Heart grows warm with holy Fire,
And kindles with a pure Desire;
Come, sweet Redeemer, from above,
And feast my Soul with heav'nly Love

III.

The Trees of Life immortal stand,
In verdant Rows at thy Right Hand ;
And in sweet Murmurs by their Side,
Rivers of Bliss perpetual glide.

IV.

Haste then, but with a smiling Face,
And spread the Table of thy Grace.
Bring down a Taste of Truth divine,
And chear my Heart with sacred Wine.

V.

Blest *Jesu*, what delicious Fare !
How rich thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels taste above
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

VI.

Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine,
In Thee thy Father's Glories shine.
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

HYMN XLIX.

The Church a Garden.

I.

WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground,
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

II.

Like spicy Trees Believers stand,
Planted by an Almighty Hand.
And all the Springs in *Zion* flow,
To make the rich Plantation grow.

III.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume.
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

IV.

Make our best Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incense to our God ;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

V. The

V.

The King into his Garden comes,
Well-pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes ;
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk or Wine.

VI.

‘ Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,
‘ The Treasure which my Father sends :
‘ Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove,
‘ And drink Abundance of my Love.

VII.

Jesus, we will attend thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord ;
But the rich Food on which we live,
Demands more Praise than Tongues can give.

H Y M N L.

Isaiab, Chap. liii.

I.

W H O hath believ'd the Tidings ? who ?
(Cry the Ambassadors of God)
Who hath confess'd our Record true,
And trusted in the Saviour's Blood ?

II. Tho'

II.

Tho' the desir'd *Messiah* comes,
No Signs of princely Pomp appear ;
A Veil of Flesh the God assumes,
A Servant's Form he stoops to wear.

III.

He lays his heav'nly Glory by,
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of Beauty void, in Reason's Eye,
Tho' glorious all to Faith he's seen,

IV.

Rejected and despis'd of Men,
A Son of Grief, inur'd to Woe,
His only Intimate is Pain,
And Sorrow all his Life below.

V.

We saw, and from the irksome Sight
Disdainfully our Faces turn'd ;
Hell follow'd him with fierce Despight,
And Earth the humble Abject scorn'd.

VI.

Surely for us he humbled was,
And griev'd with Sorrows not his own :
Of all his Woes were we the Cause,
We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown.

VII. Him

VII.

Him an Offender we esteem'd,
Stricken by Heav'n's vindictive Rod,
Afflicted for himself we deem'd,
And punish'd by an angry God.

VIII.

But oh! with our Transgressions stain'd,
For our Offence he suffer'd Loss;
Ours were the Sins that bruis'd and pain'd,
That scourg'd and nail'd him to the Cross.

IX.

Behold, my Soul, who bought thy Peace,
See in whose Tomb thy Sins are laid.
Conscience be still, let Terrors cease,
The Debt's discharg'd, the Ransom's paid.

X.

Alas! we all as wand'ring Sheep,
Had left our God, and lov'd to stray,
Refus'd his mild Commands to keep,
And madly urg'd the downward Way.

XI.

To save the Wretches *Jesus* dy'd,
The mighty Task for us fulfill'd,
He pour'd Atonement from his Side,
And with his Merits we are heal'd.

XII. Meek

(80)

XII.

Meek as a Lamb to Slaughter led,
Or Sheep before its Shearers dumb ;
To suffer in the Sinner's Stead,
Behold the spotless Victim come.

XIII.

Who could his heav'nly Birth declare ;
When bound by Man, he silent stood ;
When Worms arraign'd him at the Bar,
And doom'd to Death th' Eternal God ?

XIV.

Meekly he sunk amongst the Dead
The friendly Rich a Tomb supply
But soon shall he lift up his Head,
And rise in Triumph to the Sky.

XV.

A num'rous Seed his Eye shall find,
The Purchase of his mighty Pain ;
Glad Converts to his Church be join'd,
And bless the great *Messiah's* Reign.

XVI.

A conqu'ring Saviour he shall stand,
Their Scarlet Sins be all forgiv'n,
Their Cause shall prosper in his Hand,
And Righteousness look down from Heav'n.

H Y M N

H Y M N L I.

The Love of Christ constraineth us,
2 Cor. v. 14.

I.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast :
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear :
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our active Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings,
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

M

V. Be-

V.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this poor Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N LII.

Strife in Heaven.

I.

IN Heaven's Courts a Question rose,
Which rais'd a Strife that ne'er shall close ;
Which Rank of all the ransom'd Race,
Owes highest Praise to Sovereign Grace.

II.

Infants here caught from Womb and Breast,
Claim Right to sing above the rest ;
As finding soon the happy Shore,
They never saw, nor fought before.

III.

Others arriv'd at riper Age
Before they left the earthly Stage,
'Think Grace deserves yet higher Praise,
That wash'd the Blots of num'rous Days.

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis I, says one, 'bove all my Race
Am Debtor most to glorious Grace:
The chief of Sinners, you'll allow,
Should be the chief of Singers now.

V.

A second cries, this Claim forbear,
Lo, I'm the greatest Wonder here.
For I, of all the Race that fell,
Deserv'd the lowest Place in Hell.

VI.

Another rises by his Side,
As fond to praise, and free of Pride,
Cries, all give Place, for I defy,
You all should owe such Thanks as I.

VII.

What, will no Rival-Singer yield
He has an Equal in the Field?
Come then, and let us all agree,
To praise upon the highest Key.

H Y M N LIII.

*Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loveth,
where thou feedest, and where thou
makest thy Flocks to rest at Noon.*

Sol. Song. i. 7.

I.

WHEN Fears and Troubles work my Grief,
And press me down with Woe ;
My Lord alone can yield Relief,
To him therefore I go.

II.

O thou the Darling of my Heart!
My Soul's Beloved One,
Who *Israel's* faithful Shepherd art,
To me thy Paths make known.

III.

Shew me where 'tis thy Flocks are fed,
Lead me to their Retreat ;
Say where thou giv'st them Rest and Shade,
At Noon, from scorching Heat.

IV. The

IV.

The Pasture fair, the Shelter vast,
That does thy Sheep inclose ;
Fain would I feed on their Repast,
And rest in their Repose.

V.

For why should I, that am thy Bride,
Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
To any crooked Way ?

VI.

All other Loves my Soul abhors,
Thy Rivals I disdain ;
With Flocks of thy Competitors
Why should I wander then ?

VII.

I all thy feign'd Companions hate,
They are a Bane to me ;
My Soul affects no other Mate,
No other Lord but thee.

VIII.

Oh if I knew thy fix'd Abode,
I'd lodge for ever there ;
Where may I then enjoy my God,
Oh ! tell me, tell me where ?

H Y M N L I V.

*My Beloved is to me, as a Cluster of
Camphire in the Vineyards of En-
gedi.* Sol. Song. i. 14.

I.

MY best Belov'd, to whom the Wings
Of my Affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest Things
Of Heav'n and Earth to me.

II.

In Vineyards of fair *Engedi*,
Are Camphire Clusters sweet ;
How infinitely more is He,
In whom I am complete !

III.

When Sin or Law my Conscience press,
He standeth for my Good ;
A Cluster full of Righteousness,
And Wrath-appeasing Blood.

IV.

Still fresh in Pow'r he does design
His dying Love to me,
Like Myrrh and Camphire, sweet and fine,
New-bleeding from the Tree.

V. By

V.

By Faith I eat the Cluster prest,
And drink the Blood he spilt;
Of all Love-Banquets here's the best,
Atonement for my Guilt.

VI.

To me this bleeding Love of his
Shall ever precious be ;
Whatever He to others is,
He's all in all to me.

H Y M N LV.

The Joys of Heaven.

I.

I LONG, dear Lord, to reach the Joy
Of thy supreme Abode ;
Fain would I leave this Earth, and fly
Up to thy Seat, my God.

II.

Here I behold thy distant Face,
And 'tis a pleasing Sight ;
But to abide in thine Embrace
Is infinite Delight.

III. I'd

III.

I'd part with all the Joys of Sense
To gaze upon thy Throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

IV.

There all the heav'nly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move ;
And drink immortal Rivers in,
Of Extasy, and Love.

V.

Prostrate around with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall :
With Joy they shrink to Nothing there,
Before th' Eternal All.

VI.

Where-e'er my Seat beneath thy Throne,
Where-e'er thy Face I see ;
Me less than Nothing I would own,
To find my All in Thee.

VII.

The more thy Glories strike my Eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus while I sink, my Joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

Doxology.

PRAISE God the Father, praise the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Angels and Men, Free-Grace adore,
Praise now, henceforth, praise evermore.

Another.

To Father, Son, be equal Praise,
And to the Holy Ghost,
Proclaim'd in ev'ry Place below,
And thro' the Heav'nly Host.

Another.

Glory be to Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One.
Men below, Angels above,
Praise eternal boundless Love.

F I N I S.

H Y M N LVI.

At Dismission.

I.

EMPTY send me not away,
When I from hence remove,
Lord, increase my Store, I pray,
And feast me with thy Love.
I commend me to thy Arms,
Me defend from Night's Alarms.
Thou who *Israel's* Shepherd art,
Bear me upon thy Heart.

II.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Join we with the heav'nly Host,
To praise for evermore.
Reign by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ;
Three in One, and One in Three,
All Glory be to Thee.

N

Doxo-





THE CONTENTS.

A	Page
A H! whither shall I turn for Rest	28
And can it be that I should gain	58
Arise, O King, against the Strong	13
Attend, my Soul, Immanuel's Worth	10
Awake my Heart, arise my Tongue	50

B	
Be gone, vain World, my Heart resign	59

C	
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Pow'r	16
Come, worship at Immanuel's Feet	69

D	
Descend, great Comforter, descend	1

E	
Earth, and Sun, and Stars decay	20
Empty send me not away	89

F	
Faith, what a wond'rous Gift thou art	49
Faith comes by hearing God's Record	62
Far from my Thoughts, vain World, be gone	74

O

G Grant

CONTENTS.

G	Page
<i>Grant me with Christ, indulgent God</i>	25
H	
<i>Happy the Heart where Graces reign</i>	81
<i>Hear Immanuel's Voice proclaim</i>	27
<i>Hereto my Ebenezer stands</i>	32
<i>Hither, ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind</i>	24
I	
<i>I long, dear Lord, to reach the Joy</i>	87
<i>Jesu, my Lord, Thyself apply</i>	56
<i>In Heaven's Courts a Question rose</i>	82
L	
<i>Lo! Immanuel's sacred Name</i>	6
<i>Long did my Soul in Jesu's Form</i>	71
M	
<i>Meet and right it is to sing</i>	55
<i>Mourn not our Brother's breathless Clay</i>	45
<i>My Soul doth magnify the Lord</i>	7
<i>My best Belov'd, to whom the Wings</i>	86
N	
<i>Nature with open Volume stands</i>	65
<i>Now bath the Scripture's sacred Page</i>	2
O	
<i>Our God reigns, ye Lands rejoice</i>	18
S	
<i>Saviour King, assume thy Pow'r</i>	15
	Shall

CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Shall Children of the Lord Most High</i>	60
<i>Shout, O Zion, hail thy King</i>	30
<i>Strange and mysterious is my Case</i>	73
<i>Such who are deck'd with Righteousness</i>	66
<i>Sure his Name is Wonderful</i>	44
<i>Sweet Guardian of my Days, attend</i>	40

T

<i>The glimm'ring Dawn conceals its Face</i>	47
<i>The Lord our Righteousness, how great</i>	63
<i>There's nothing round this spacious Earth</i>	68
<i>Thou, Jehovah, art the Lord</i>	33
<i>'Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said</i>	21
<i>To Jesus let us raise our Song</i>	35

W

<i>Wash and be clean, the Spirit cries</i>	4
<i>We are a Garden wall'd around</i>	76
<i>When shall I find my Heart more warm</i>	22
<i>When all thy Mercies, O my God</i>	53
<i>When Joseph, Favourite of Heav'n</i>	37
<i>When to Strangers I proclaim</i>	42
<i>When Fears and Troubles work my Grief</i>	84
<i>Who hath believ'd the Tidings? Who?</i>	77
<i>Who shall the Lord's Elect condemn?</i>	52
<i>Who is this Fair One in Distress?</i>	71
<i>Who's he shall bear me back to trace</i>	8
<i>With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd</i>	38

CONTENTS

Page	
60	Small Children of the Lord Most High
30	Shout, O Zion, hail thy King
73	Strange and mysterious is my Case
66	Such who are sick, I seek to strengthen
44	Such his Name is Wonderful
40	Secret Guardian of my Days, attend

T

47	The glim'ring Baron cannot sit at ease
63	The Lord our Righteousness, how great
68	There's nothing round this precious Lamb
33	Thou, Jehovah, art the Lord
21	'Tis faithful, the Redeemer, Lord
32	To Jesus let us raise our Song

W

4	Wash and be clean, the Spirit cries
76	It's now a Garden wall'd around
28	When shall I find my Heart more true
33	When all thy Mercies, O my God
37	When Joseph, Father of Man's
42	When to Strangers I proclaim
34	When Peace and Justice break my Cries
77	Who hath led me, O my God, I say
52	Who shall the Lord's great Name
71	Who is the Lord, the Lord of Hosts
8	Who's he shall bear me back to home
32	With holy Sargents' strength again

